

The Mirror

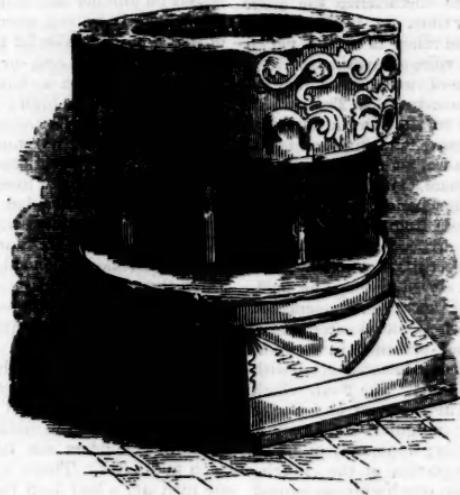
OF
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 587.]

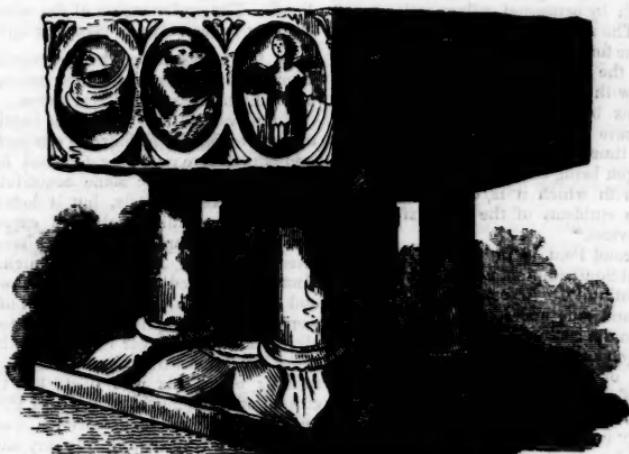
SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1833.

[PRICE 2d.

CURIOS BAPTISMAL FONTS



(AT HAYES, MIDDLESEX.)



(AT SOUTHAMPTON.)

CURIOUS FONTS.

The extraordinary Fonts on the annexed page, may be as interesting to the lover of art, as to the ecclesiastical antiquary. They are, undoubtedly, rare specimens, nay, triumphs, of the sculpture of a very distant age; and their florid enrichments have a captivating charm in comparison with the frigid labours of the chisel, which characterize the same species of art in our time.

The first of these relics is in the parish church of Hayes, a village near the Uxbridge road, at the distance of twelve miles from Tyburn turnpike, or the metropolis. The church, which is dedicated to the Virgin Mary, is built, for the most part, with flints, and consists of a chancel, nave, and two aisles. At the west end is a square, embattled tower. In the south wall of the chancel are two stone stalls, of the earliest English architecture, with plain-pointed arches; a piscina, with the drain very perfect; and another small recess, which was a closet, perhaps for holding the chrism and sacramental elements. Some of the windows in the chancel are of the architecture which prevailed in the fourteenth century; others are lancet-shaped, with brackets of various forms. The Font, which stood within a pew at the west end of the church, is of very singular construction, and of great antiquity; apparently of much earlier date than any portion of the church; it is large and circular, very highly sculptured and stands on eight massive pillars, and a central shaft.

The aisles are separated from the nave of the church by octagonal pillars and pointed arches. The north aisle appears to have been built in the fourteenth, or early in the fifteenth century: the south aisle has a flat roof, and windows with obtuse arches. It is probable that it was built about the year 1500, and that the nave was repaired and new-roofed at the same time, the cognizances of England and Arragon being carved on the joints of the fretwork with which it is ornamented: on others are emblems of the crucifixion, and various devices.*

The second Font is in the church of St. Michael, at Southampton, a building of considerable antiquity. It consists of a nave, chancel, and side aisles, with a low tower rising from the centre, and finished by a lofty and well-proportioned octagonal spire. On each side of the west window the Saxon masonry of the original front is still discernible; in the eastern front the same character of masonry is also visible, together with a fragment of a small angular column, and a portion of the billeted moulding. The Font is, however, the antique gem of the structure, and it is thus minutely described by the dis-

tinguished antiquarian pen of Sir H. E. Englefield, in his *Walk through Southampton*:

"The Font consists of a block of black marble three feet four inches square and one foot six inches deep, supported in its centre by a cylinder of the same material, ornamented with horizontal rings, so as much to resemble a barrel, and at each angle by a plain pillar of white stone, one foot six inches high and about six inches diameter. The whole stands on another marble block of about three feet square and about seven inches deep, out of which are cut bases for the small columns, consisting of a flat ring on a large, round cushion; these rest on a plain, square plinth of about three inches high; a plain leaf falls from the bases of the columns on each angle of the plinth. The top stone is excavated into an hemispherical basin, two feet six inches diameter, round which runs a scroll of foliage of very rude execution but not ill designed; and the angles are filled with an imitation of the ancient ornament, now generally called the honeysuckle. The sides of the Font, of which three only are now visible, as the Font stands against the wall, are each divided into three circular compartments, with a sort of winged minotaur in each, something like a griffin, except one, which has an angel in a long robe of linen, covered with a shorter tunic; his hands are folded on his heart, and round his head is the nimbus or glory; behind his shoulders are two wings, which reach to his feet. These sides are one foot one inch and a half deep, the remaining four inches and a half of the thickness of the block slope away to the central cylinder in a sort of fluting or broad leaves, now much defaced. The workmanship of the whole is in the very modest style of Saxon sculpture."

A few notes upon the appropriation of Fonts, generally, may not be an uninteresting appendix to the annexed specimens.

Forts were usually placed in baptisteries, or places wherein the baptism was performed, and which were generally detached from the body of the church; some beautiful specimens are extant in Italy, but it does not appear that any building devoted expressly to the purpose of baptism, was ever erected in Great Britain. In ancient churches, the Fonts were locked up in Lent, because Easter and Whitsunday, except upon peril of death, were seasons of baptism. This custom was abolished about the year 1100, chiefly because it was dangerous, from fear of death, and the number of infants who died; but the old custom of baptising at Easter and Pentecost remained long after. Immersion was most usual, though sprinkling was very anciently allowed.

Robinson says, that the ancient baptistery was a bath, in the earliest periods of which the administrator and candidates went *down* steps into the bath; in after ages the admi-

* Antiquarian and Topographical Cabinet, vol. i.

nistrators went *up* steps to a platform, on which stood a small basin, which they called a bath, and wherein they plunged children, without going into the water themselves. These Fonts he divides into, 1. original, the baptistery for immersion; 2. missionary, or Fonts of necessity, *viz.* temporal fabrics, where there were no baptismal chapels, Fonts in private houses from cases of necessity, fancy Fonts erected and decorated, sometimes of silver, of which kind were those for ancient princes, our kings, &c. 3. ordinary parochial Fonts; of these the largest are the oldest.*

Mr. Gough notes, that sarcophagi were converted into founts; that they were first set up in private houses; before the Reformation, were lined with lead; that the covers were locked for fear of sorcery, and during Lent; and the water superstitiously used, in order to cure diseases.†

It should be added, that Fonts were sometimes called baptisteries, as well as the rooms in which they were placed. That of St. Peter's, Oxford, is a large, stone, oval basin, with figures under niches, all around, is of the date of Alfred, and peculiarly noticeable. We read likewise of a Font, in one of the greater churches on the continent, which is supported by twelve oxen, in emblematical reference to the birth of Christ.

We abridge these facts from Mr. Fosbroke's valuable *Encyclopaedia of Antiquities*; wherein he has likewise assembled, with his usual diligence, many curious particulars of ancient baptism.

* Robinson's Hist. Baptism.
† Gough on Fonts, in the Archologia.

Manners and Customs.

THIRD-NIGHT-AWN-HINDE.

(*Trium noctium hospes.*)

By the laws of St. Edward the Confessor, if any man lie a third night in an inn, he was called a third-night-awn-hinde, for whom his host was answerable, if he committed an offence. The first night, forman-night, or uncouth, (Sax. unknown,) he was reckoned a stranger; the second night, twa-night, a guest; and a third night, an agen-hinde, or swin-hinde, a domestic.—*Bract. lib. 3.**

INSCRIPTIONS ON CHURCH BELLS.

Our ancestors were very much in the habit of writing distichs, &c. on church-bells, of which the following is an instance. Edward III. erected a *clochier* in the Sanctuary at Westminster, in which were placed three bells, the largest of which had the following inscription:

" King Edward made mee
Thirty thousand weight and three.
Takes mee down and weigh mee,
And more you shall fynd me."

In the days of Henry VIII. these bells

* From Tomlin's Law Dictionary, vol. ii.

were taken down; and some poet of the day wrote upon them *with a coal*—

" But Henry the Eight
Will bait me of my weight."

ANTIQUARIES.

ENGLISH LOTTERIES.

The first lottery in England was drawn in the year 1569, near the west door of St. Paul's Cathedral. It consisted of 40,000 lots, at 10s. each,—the prize being distributed in plate; and the profits arising from it were intended to be used as the "sinews" whereby the English havens should be repaired. In 1612, James, to encourage the Anglo-Virginians, granted them a lottery, which was drawn at the west-end of the Park: again the prize appears to have been plate.

In the reign of Queen Anne, lotteries having increased to an intolerable degree, they were suppressed as public nuisances; but were revived under the reign of her successor, George I., though without much benefit to the public. Their discontinuance, a few years since, must be in the reader's recollection.

JUVENIS.

RINGS GIVEN AT WEDDINGS.

It appears that rings were in olden times given away to the attendants on the day of marriage. We are informed, in Wood's *Athenæ Oronenses*, that the once famous philosopher Kelley, who was openly profuse beyond the limits of a sober philosopher, did give away in gold-wire rings, (or rings twisted with three gold wires,) at the marriage of one of his maid-servants, to the value of *four thousand pounds*. This happened in the year 1589, at Trebona.

ANTIQUARIES.

ABJURATION.

EVERY reader or student of our ancient customs is aware of there being once sanctuaries in England. The felon often engaged upon oath to leave England for ever, upon the promise being made that he should not be molested. The following was the form of the abjuration:—

" This heare thou, Sir Coroner, that I, H., of L., am a robber of a sheep, (or any other beast,) and a murderer of one or more, and a fellow of our Lord the King of England; and because I have done so many evils or robberies in the land, I do abjure the land of our Lord King Edward; and I shall haste me to the port of (generally the port nearest the sanctuary, and which he was required to name) London, which thou hast given to me, and that I shall not goe out of the highway; and if I do, I will that I be taken as a robber and a felon of our Lorde the King. And there I will diligently seeke for passage, and I will tarrie there but one flood and ebbe, if I can have passage; and unless I can have it there, I will goe every day into the water

up to my knees, assaying to pass over; and unlesse I can do it in forty dayes, I will put myself again in the church as a robber and a felon of our Lorde the King, so God mee help and his holy judgment." **ANTIQUES.**

ASTROLOGY.

It should seem that astrology was considered formerly as an essential part of the learning of a physician; for Chaucer, in the prologue to his Canterbury Tales, has thus characterized him:—

" With us there was a doctor of physic;
In al the worlde was ther non hym lyk,
To speke of physik and of surgerye;
For he was groundit in Astronomy.
He kept his pacient a ful gret del
In hours by his magyk naturle;
Wel couth he fortunen the ascendent
Of his ymagys for his pacient."

H. B. ANDREWS.

New Books.**THE LAUREAD.**

[This is the first book of "a literary, political, and naval satire, by the author of Cavendish," a novel, in the language of the critics, "of very considerable talent." We, who do not profess to be critical, are at a loss to describe the Lauread to the reader. It has the bite and gall of satire, and the satirist appears to have taken the whip in an honest hand, not to spare the vices of the great or titled, but To lash the rascals naked through the world, Even from the east to the west.]

The author himself characterizes his Lauread as "a poem with action and characters"—not in the usual declamatory style of satire, but more upon the models of the Dunciad and Rosciad, with dialogue, as in Horace. This is managed with skill, and little, if any, of the coarseness of calumny; though there are throughout the poem strong marks of indemnity for past injuries, and reference to obscure individuals and circumstances which can only aid the author's notoriety, and but little interest the public. The author's novel of Cavendish may have unfolded the secret doors of the Admiralty, and the King may have been advised to strike him from off the Navy List; but we question whether the world care a jot about the matter: a vague hint of a political intrigue at Court would afford them much more gratification, and higher game for their sport. At the same time, the Lauread contains portraits, scenes, and sketches, not only of powerful talent, but of excellent purpose. Thus, a few specimens. In the Introduction the author says:—]

The Slanderer is he who maligns the good for the amusement of the vicious; the Satirist, he who exposes the vicious for the protection of the good. The first class form a set of cowardly, craven-hearted wretches, who are equally ready to fasten on the weak and

harmless, as to shrink from vice exulting in its strength. The second class are those who assist the former, and regardless of all consequences, attack the latter,—relying solely on their moral courage and innate rectitude of purpose. I leave it to this Poem to decide, in the minds of the good and conscientious, as to which class I belong.

[The episode of Sir Joseph is good, without the deduction:]

Behold Sir Joseph—he whose life betrays An ill-directed longing after praise; Kind is his heart, and in his soul once glowed The many virtues Nature had bestowed, Alas! in vain;—one feeling ruled the rest, And drives all pleasure from his tortured breast,— The timid fear to make one fool his foe, Or futile hope to please each knave below. Large are his means, and sumptuous is his board, With costliest wines his spacious cellars stored. His house a palace,—all who come may stay, Command his means, and revel through the day; His air is courteous,—on his well-bred tongue No words of rancour or of falsehood hung; His purse is open to assist each friend, (By humbler claimants never asked to lend.) Slight the return the gr'rous host expects, Would win your smile, but scorns not your defects: My Lord's ungrateful—but he will not see; Socius maligns him, but—it cannot be; Another sneers, but—surely 'twas in joke, And not in earnest, that Sir Richard spoke: The wits insulting use him as their butt, Pronounce him vulgar, and his gait a strut! "Then, help me, Heav'n, was ever such a phiz? Or such a figure? What a vile old quix! His feed is hospitable—yes, 'tis true, But ostentation's all he has in view. Besides, the rogue's grown stingy quite of late, 'Stead of a thousand, lent me only eight! And perdy answered, when he saw me stare, 'Twas all convenience just then could spare!" Thus by degrees he meets the full contempt From which too oft the vicious stand exempt. Still he forbears, lest harsher steps should tend To make one enemy or lose one friend, Till by long custom insults lose their force, And come, with noontide, as affairs of course. If smit his left cheek, lo! he turns the right; Merely to jeer him now affords delight; If Joan would cheat him, straight he shuts his eyes; His "friends" rebuke him, but he ne'er replies, Nor tells the truth, such jealous rogues to shame, How long, like Joan, those friends have done the same.

By knaves pronounced an easy, good old fool, And prov'd by all a very useful tool, Now "base"—now "mean" his life still glides along!

Too dull to write, too deaf to hear a song: The shafts of satire ne'er could make him bleed.— The print was bad—it hurt his eyes to read. Nephews and nieces league to send him port, And herds of venison come to "Treatall Court," Soon the last items of our earthly ills Succeed,—the lawyers' and the doctors' bills; Gout twanks his toes, and asthma clogs his sighs, He makes his will,—they drug him,—and he dies.

Cloth'd at his cost, in mourning round his pall, "How good—Sir Joseph! How bewailed by all! To find his like how vainly would you search!" The coaches wait—they jest—and ride to church; Returned, at length th' attested parchment's read, Sir Joseph cursed, and all his virtues fled:

"How dared he slight such obvious claims as mine?— Was it not I who sent him so much wine?"

"I too, who nursed him,—he should ne'er forget,'— The stingy hound remits me an old debt!"

"As hard my case—Was ever such a thing?

His dearest friend—a fifty-guinea ring!"

" Well, come, old Gouty's left us at our ease,
Thanks to our prudence, we're co-legatees."—
Slighted, or favoured, bring his faults to light,
The last by fun, the former urged by spite.
A twelvemonth's obloquy succeeds his death,
And panting scandal droops for want of breath :
Another title designates his court :
His mortgaged manors yield a stranger sport.
The truly good ne'er heard Sir Joseph's name,
So dull oblivion stagnates o'er his name ;
Effaced from all save that sad mouldering stone
Where adulation mocks at friendship's tone,
And verd'rous life to hide each line will grow,
Fast as corruption cankered him below.

[The interior of one of the splendid club-houses in Pall Mall.]

Around the room that rose to greet my view,
The gaudy colours vied with or-molu,
To prove the owners—void of taste or sense—
Had nobly aimed to dazzle with expense.
A perfume rich of onions fried with beef,
Arose to yield such opulence relief,
While shabby coats upon a hundred backs,
Proclaimed how heavy was the clothier's tax.
There lay a grenadier, who took his nap,
And spurned a sofa—hid within his cap.
Here fiercely straitened in a new corset,
A half-pay major—very much in debt.
In the first morn he admired his head,
And wished his face would choose to grow less red,
Since now too off the military beaux
With scarlet checks outvie their scarlet clothes :
" Pr'aps stays too tight ?—Gad ! that will never do,
Men,—to let out a button-hole—or two."
Much loud debate methought there did arise,
As captains, colonels, filed before my eyes :
While little " gracies " mouthed forth big words,
Seemed puny apes encumbered to monstrous swords.
In disputation much they seemed to vie,
Their rule that none should hear his friend reply :
Or if grave argument employed them less,
Their converse ran on cookery or dress.
As, " Faith ! that coat, sir, seems to fit you well,
Or did, when new—Who made it ? Prithie tell.—
Last night I went to General Crewe's to sup,
And, merry souls, we sewed each other up,
Then sallied out to have a little spree,
Got thrashed in K's* and bilked old Mrs. C."
Much too they seemed to praise their fine abode,
Of thought—of care, the club relieved a load,
Such cooks—such dinners—and such sumptuous
wine,
Jove's heavenly nectar never so divine.
But loud o'er all the advantages they reap,
Its chief attraction—" 'twas so monstrous cheap."
Nor this the least convenience of their lives,
" Twas such a good excuse to all their wives !"
Their books in number now were grown so small,
Some six or seven served to teach them all ;
While for their learning they were ne'er perplexed,
Since this year's wisdom reached them in the next.

[In the dialogue between Admiral Paulus and the author, the latter indignantly replies to a remark that his satire will not be read:]

" Not heard !—Not read !—'Tis false, thou paltry thing.
Heard by my foes and read by Britain's X.—
Well might this spur a loftier muse to write,
And vindicate the slave whose cause is right ;
But bearded thus, vain braggart, here I throw
Defiance down and strike a nobler blow.
What self defence and just regard of fame,
Impelled at first, now owns a higher aim ;
Love of my species and disgust to see
Earth's foulest tyrants trampling down the free.
No ear to hear me !—There at least thou'rt wrong,
Great Brougham's self will hear an honest song,
That master-spirit whom we still behold,
Cautious in council, as in action bold ;

Through whose career such varied parts are seen,
Scourge of a monarch, saviour of a queen,
Form'd to attack, unequalled to defend,
The people's tutor, and the nation's friend ;
We scarcely know where praise is rather due—
To Fate that gave, or Mind that born him through,
For calm instruction now he points his pen,
Or fiercely battles for the rights of men,
He lifts his voice, and Hew'n directed roll
Its accents thund'ring to the distant pole.
Now rocks the northern fiend upon his throne,
Or bears its solace to the Torrid Zone :
The captive negro pauses 'midst his sighs,
Hears the glad sound and wipes his blood-shot eyes,
Now brightly dazzled with the dawning ray,
Shall light his offspring in another day ;
Nor yet far off, pray Heav'n that hour be nigh,
To free the slave, but dash the wretch from high ;
Despite of knaves who fain would misinform,
And raise a cry for puddles in a storm,
Despite of all that selfish fears can urge,
The planter's riches or his minion's scourge.

[The Notes occupy nearly as many pages as the Poem, but we do not think so freely from objection. They almost defeat their purpose by their own virulence, which is, at the best, a sad waste of time and temper.]

TRAVELS IN TURKEY, GREECE, &c.

By Adolphus Slade, Esq.

[THIS is as clever and amusing a book of travels as any of late years. It has none of the besetting sins of travellers' records, which appear to be in too minutely relating personal adventures, and generalizing upon matters of greater importance to the reader. The narrative is singularly unaffected; for travel almost invariably begets self-conceit. The author is no reverent respecter of antiquity, but prefers the country as *it is* to the contemplation of its bygone glories. Thus, he justly observes: "the Turkish empire is as interesting now, that it is crumbling to pieces as it was in the sixteenth century, when a Tartar could ride with the sultan's firman, respected all the way, from the banks of the Volga to the confines of Morocco—when its armies threatened Vienna, and its fleets ravaged the coasts of Italy. It then excited the fears of civilized Europe: it now excites its cupidity."

Mr. Slade having touched at some of the Grecian isles, reached Constantinople in 1829, when the second campaign between the emperor (of Russia) and the sultan (of Turkey,) was commencing. Here he became acquainted with the Capitan Pasha, with whom he cruised on the Black Sea. His stay at Constantinople enabled him to gather much information on the policy of the Sultan and the political aspect of the times; after which the author embarked in his majesty's ship Blonde, and visited Sevastopol, Odessa, Varna, and Bourgas. He then proceeded over the seat of war in Roumelia. He visited Adrianople, Philippopolis, &c.: he traversed the winter quarters of the Russian army; and crossing the Balkans by the Kasan pass,

went to Schumla : thus enabling himself to furnish the reader with many details of the campaign of 1829. Quitting Schumla, he again traversed the Russian cantonments, and so returned to Constantinople, where he then remained three months. He left Constantinople in the summer of 1830, again went to Adrianople, and thence descending the Marizza, visited Demotica, Enos, &c. From Enos he embarked for Samothraki, and from there sailed to Mount Athos. He next went to Salonica, thence to Smyrna, where he remained some months, and returned to Italy in the beginning of 1831. To this outline of the author's route we shall add a few specimens of his lively, intelligent, and picturesque description.]

An affecting scene at Scio.

Perceiving us intent on filling our chibouques, an elderly woman brought us charcoal, then fetched us some indifferent sherbet, while a young girl presented us roses, according to the Grecian custom. The appearance of our hostesses, joined to their *native* politeness, was very interesting; through the garb of poverty, we perceived in the elder tokens of another sphere, and in the sweet countenance of the younger, that she was born to higher hopes. She was very beautiful; her eyes black, her hair auburn, descending in braids to her middle, and her elastic, graceful form was set off by a Turco-Grecian costume, which, though coarse, appeared elegant on her. Their tale was soon told, one of many similar. On that never-to-be-forgotten night, they had lost all that makes life dear—kindred and friends—their wealth had enriched their destroyers, and in their once happy home they were now domestics. “In this paradise,” exclaimed the elder, “my husband lived, my children flourished, and I was blest:—fools! why had we not followed the warnings we received, and fled in time? O night of woe! what cruel pity spared me, preserved that innocent I should myself have slain! She was so young. I saved her life—alas! for what. You see her beauty, fatal gift! Our lord has seen her; may, if unrestrained by pity, drag her from me!” Grief stopped her utterance, while her daughter threw herself in her arms, energetically exclaiming, “Never, mother; they shall bear me to death sooner.” It was quite a scene, and made our rough skipper draw his sleeve across his eyes. It was near midnight before we left this interesting couple to return to our wooden couches; they felt a melancholy pleasure in relating and bewailing their misfortunes.

Wine at Tenedos.

They make some of the best wine in the Archipelago; it is strong bold, of a good flavour, not at all unlike port, and infinitely better than the drug under that denomination

sold in most of the hotels in England. The price of it, in 1829, was eighteen paras (three halfpence) the oq (quart): we paid at the rate of twenty-five paras for some which had been in cask two years.

A Night at Perä.

The town enjoyed a death-like repose, only broken occasionally by the watchmen hitting their iron-shod staves on the pavement; yet notwithstanding such auxiliaries, I could not sleep, for since leaving Genoa I had had occasion to rough it without a bed. The night, however, was not long; on looking at my watch, at breakfast, in the morning, I was dismayed to find that it was just five o'clock. What a space to get over till noon, the hour a London day commences! What detriment to candle-makers, the custom of the East, to appropriate the day to business, the night to sleep! No oriental will willingly commence a task or a journey after noon; he looks at the sun, and says in excuse, “It is evening.” The Frank, though he grumbles at first at this new division of time, soon gets used to it, and likes it, especially when, as at and about Constantinople, he sees the sun rise every morning over the most charming scenery in the world.

Punishment for Bakers at Constantinople.

I had not proceeded up two of the steep streets, on my way to the Eski Saray, attracted by a review, when I was stopped by a singular exhibition peculiar to Turkish towns, a baker nailed by his ear to his door-post. I was fortunate, for the sight is sufficiently rare to make it a curiosity. The position of the rascal was most ludicrous, rendered more so by the perfect nonchalance with which he was caressing his beard. The operation, they say, does not hurt much; though in this case it was done very roughly, and the patient was obliged to stand on his toes to keep his ear from tearing. “This is nothing,” said my dragoman, observing my attention; “a few days ago a master-baker, as handsome a young fellow as ever you saw, had his nose and ears cut off: he bore it like a brave one: he said he did not care much about his ears, his turban would hide the marks—but his nose—he gave the executioner a bribe to return it to him, after he had shown it to the judge, that he might have it stuck on again.” “Poor fellow!” I thought, “that would have puzzled Carpeus!” “It served him right,” added my dragoman; “at that time loaves were scarcer than baker’s noses.” The Spartan appearance of the bread in the shops was evidence of the scarcity which still reigned: it had been blacker a short time previous, and caused serious disturbances, especially on the part of the women, which the government could only quell by distributing rations.

Fish in the Bosphorus.

Nature has been equally beneficent to the

Bosphorus in a substantial point of view, stocking it with fish of every description, more than sufficient for the daily consumption of the vast population of Constantinople. Among these the sword-fish ranks first. Notwithstanding its size, it is delicate eating, and is moreover very fashionable, as being the favourite dish of Sultan Mahmoud. It is chiefly caught in the Bosphorus and the Propontis, rarely in the Hellespont, and still more rarely in the Euxine or the Archipelago; in the latter of which seas, however, it abounded in 1812, an extensive emigration having taken place, to the alarm of the Constantinople *bons vivans*, who feared that it would never return; and it was, in consequence, seriously proposed in divan to send a vessel down to catch a male and female alive, and tow them up to the Bosphorus; but the voluntary return of the fugitives prevented this project from being carried into effect. When properly dressed, sword pointed, it is a regal looking dish, fit to crown a civic banquet. The palamithe, a large, and rather coarse fish, is also greatly esteemed. It is an emigrating species, and found in greatest plenty in the sea of Azof: the Cossacks salt great quantities of it. There is also turbot in the Bosphorus, similar to, though not quite so good, as the English turbot. It requires habit to relish it, from its back being covered with scaly carbuncles, considered a dainty by the natives, which offend the sight. There being no want of lobsters, it may be eaten *en règle*. Red mullet, soles, and white-bait, are in profusion; likewise the ink fish, so called from containing a bag of black liquid, perfectly adapted to write with: remove it, and the taste of the fish resembles that of skait; it is, however, generally dressed with it as sauce, and therefore few strangers have the courage to eat it, nor does it, after a trial, tempt a repetition. The Greeks make a great consumption of it in their rigorous fasts, for it does not rank as fish.

The Tomb of the Armenian brothers.

The current tired our rowers' brawny arms and bent their ashen blades, yet we cleaved it steadily as far as Arnaoutki, where we stopped to refresh ourselves with coffee and chibouques. Two trees on a hill above the village pointed out the tomb of the unfortunate Armenian brothers, Touz-Oglou, a few years since the first bankers of Stamboul. They abounded in wealth, but being generous, were not envied; they exhibited vizirial pomp, but, being modest in behaviour, were liked by believers and unbelievers; they were young, but, being rich, could not expect to attain old age; they were directors of the mint, a dangerous, though much sought after, post in a country where depreciating the coin is a familiar financial resource. Mahmoud, the reforming, innovating sultan,

despising the policy of his predecessors in only gradually reducing the standard of money so as not to produce too sudden a panic, as savouring of prejudice, issued at once a hatti scherif, commanding his subjects to bring all their gold and silver money to their respective governors, for which they should receive little more than half the value: pain of death to the refractory. Commotions naturally ensued, and in the capital proved so serious, that to appease them, and throw the odium off the government, the Touz-Oglou, whose only crime was in having literally obeyed their master, were accused of having depreciated the coin of the realm for their own advantage. A victim, no matter whether guilty or innocent, always pacifies a mob, is the Turkish maxim, perhaps applicable in all countries, so the Touz-Oglou, whose innocence was clear to all informed persons, were put to death, their property confiscated, their relations exiled, but their bodies, as a particular mark of the sultan's clemency, were allowed to be interred, instead of being thrown into the sea according to custom.

Living at Constantinople.

In ordinary years, the environs of Constantinople are blest with great plenty, combined with great cheapness, though when I was there the contrary was the case. The lady of an envoyé informed me that, previous to the war, the table expenses of her family, at Buyukderé, were little more than a dollar a day. Turkeys, not unworthy of Norfolk, sold usually at fourpence each; fowls, &c. accordingly; beef and mutton equally cheap. The opposite shore of Asia supplies the finest fruit and vegetables in abundance; also game. Tolerable wine is made by the Greeks, particularly from a grape called altyn tach (golden stone,) and sold at a penny or three-half-pence a quart. In the autumn months wild boars come down in the vineyards to eat the grapes when they are easily shot; and in the same season the sun is often nearly obscured by the prodigious flights of quails which alight on the coast of the Black Sea, near the Bosphorus, and are caught by means of nets, spread on high poles planted along the cliff some yards from its edge, against which the birds, which are exhausted by their passage over the sea, bring up and fall. By this simple mode, the Mussulmans enjoy a delicacy which they otherwise could not, since they consider anything that dies of gunshot wounds as unclean, the blood thereby not freely escaping. This is the chief reason why they do not eat game; they hold no birds in holy dislike excepting the partridge, one of which species betrayed, by its cackling, the hiding-place of the saint Mustapha. I can best illustrate the nature of this annual migration of quails, by observing that the sultan, October, 1829, sent orders to the capitan pasha to catch four hundred dozen for the

use of the seraglio: they were collected in three days, and sent to their destination, alive in small cages.

(To be continued.)

ANCIENT DAGGER.



THIS curious little weapon is supposed to be the model of those employed in the massacre of the Britons at Stonehenge. It was found in the vicinity of Ciligeran, in Pembrokeshire, and appears to be the very same which was shown to the Rev. Theophilus Evans, author of a rare work in the *British* language, entitled *A View of the Primitive Ages*, first published in 1739, wherein he exactly describes it, agreeing in almost every particular with that represented in the above Cut: thus, he says: "the blade was seven inches long and more than half an inch wide, double edged, five inches of the seven. The handle was of ivory, of minutely skilful workmanship, having on it the figure of a naked woman, with a round ball in her left hand, and her right resting on her hip; on which side stood the figure of a boy with the sun-beams (*a glory*) round his head: the sheath was also of ivory, and very curiously ornamented." This is a translation of Mr. Evans's description, and is very accurate, as far as his conception of the figures went; but he entirely mistook that of the boy, which is clearly a Cupid, by the side of his mother, having every attribute that ancient mythology usually invests the son of Venus with, the wings,

the bow, and the quiver. The supposed massacre at Stonehenge, Mr. Evans, in the running title of his book, calls *the treachery of the long knives*; the story of which horrible slaughter is to be found in the most ancient and authentic Welch MSS. and even in the writings of those contemporary with Jeffrey of Monmouth, who rejected his fables. The scene of this treacherous plot is laid on Salisbury Plain, which, from its extent and central situation, was well calculated for great national conventions, at which it was not lawful for even the princes to appear armed; a favourable circumstance, which the wily Saxons availed themselves of, the better to accomplish their murderous design without suspicion.

The original of the weapon here represented was long treasured in the museum of John Symmons, Esq. of Paddington House.*

* Antiquarian and Topographical Cabinet, vol. i.

The Public Journals.

CROCODILE ISLAND.

My favourite inn at Oxford was the Golden Cross. The Angel was admirable in its way; the Star celestial; and the Mitre fit for an archbishop,—but the snug room on the left of the inner court of the Golden Cross was superior to them all. There seemed to be more comfort there than in the gaudier apartments of its rivals, and the company one met with was generally more inclined to be social. About eight o'clock in the evening was "the witching time o' night," for at that hour the multitudinous coaches from the North poured in their hungry passengers to a plentiful, hot supper. In these hurried refections I invariably joined. Half an hour very often sufficed to give me glimpses of good fellows whom it only required time to ripen into friends. Many strange mortals I saw, who furnished me with materials for thinking till the next evening; and sometimes I have been rewarded for the wing of a fowl by a glance from a pair of beautiful, bright eyes which knocked all the classics, and even Aldrich's Logic, out of my head for a week. Three coaches, I think, met at the Golden Cross. There was very little time for ceremony; the passengers made the best use of the short period allowed them, and devoted more attention to the viands before them than to the courtesies of polished life. I made myself generally useful as a carver, and did the honours of the table in the best manner I could. One night I was waiting impatiently for the arrival of the coaches, and wondering what sort of company they would present to me, when a young man came into the room and sat down at a small table before the fire, who immediately excited my curiosity. He

called for sandwiches, and rum and water, and interrupted his active labours in swallowing them only by deep and often-repeated sighs. He was tall, and strikingly handsome. I should have guessed him to be little more than one or two and twenty, had it not been for a fixedness about the brow and eyes which we seldom meet with at so early a time of life. I was anxious to enter into conversation with him; for, as I have said, I was greatly interested by his appearance. I thought I knew the faces of all the University; and I was certain I had never met with him before. He had not the general appearance of a gownsman; he was tastefully and plainly dressed; obviously in very low spirits; and finished his second tumbler in the twinkling of a bedpost. As the third was laid down before him, I had just given the preliminary cough with which a stranger usually commences a conversation, when a rush was made into the room by the occupants of all the three coaches, and the babel and confusion they created prevented me from executing my intention. On that occasion I did not join the party at the supper-table. I maintained my position at the corner of the chimney, very near the seat occupied by the youth who had so strongly excited my attention. The company were more than usually numerous; and a gentleman, closely muffled up, finding no room at the principal board took his station at the same table with the stranger. The intruder threw off one or two cloaks and greatcoats, and untied an immense profusion of comforters and shawls, revealing the very commonplace countenance of a fat, burly man about fifty years of age, with great, staring, blue eyes, and a lank flaxen wig of the lightest colour I had ever seen. This personage gave his orders to the waiter in a very imperious tone, to bring him a plate of cold beef, and a quart of brown stout, and exhibited various signs of impatience while his commands were executed.

"Cold night, sir," he said, at length addressing the youth. "I've travelled all the way from Manchester, and feel now as hungry as a hunter."

"It takes a man a long time to die of starvation," replied the other. "Men have been known to subsist for ten days without tasting food."

"Thank God, that has never been my case. I would not abstain from food ten minutes longer to save my father from being hanged.—Make haste, waiter!"

The young man shook his head, and threw such an expression of perfect misery into his handsome features, that his companion was struck with it.

"I'm afraid," he said, you are unhappy, in spite of being so young. You haven't wanted meat so long yourself, I hope.—

Waiter, what the devil's keeping you with that 'ere beef?"

"Worse, worse," replied the other, in a hollow voice. "Youth is no preventive against care, or crime, or misery, or—murder!"

He added the last word with such a peculiar intonation, that the traveller started, and laid down his knife and fork, which he had at that moment taken possession of, and gared at him as if he were anxious to make out his meaning.

"Don't judge of me harshly," continued the youth; "but listen to me, I beseech you, only for a moment, and you will confer a great obligation on a fellow-creature, and prevent misery of which you can have no conception."

The man thus addressed remained motionless with surprise. He never lifted his eyes from the deeply melancholy countenance of the narrator; and I must confess I listened with no little earnestness to the disclosure he made myself.

"At sixteen years of age," he said, "I found myself a denizen of the wilds. Shaded from the summer heats, by magnificent oaks of the primeval forest, where I lived; and secured from the winter's cold, by skins of the tiger and lynx, I had not a desire ungratified. Groves of orange-trees spread themselves for hundreds of miles along our river: cocoanuts, and all the profusion of fruits and flowers with which the Great Spirit saw fit to beautify the original paradise of man, supplied every want. The eaglet's feather in my hair, the embroidery of my wampum belt, pointed out to my followers where their obedience was to be rendered: and I felt myself prouder of their unhesitating submission, and the love with which they regarded me, than that the blood of a hundred kings flowed in my veins. I was Chief of the Chactaws and Muscogulges. My mother was of European origin: her grandfather had visited the then thinly populated regions of North America, in company with several hundred bold and heroic spirits like himself, whose aspirations for the independence and equality of man, had carried them beyond the dull, cold letter of the law. His name yet survives in Tipperary; his boldness was the theme of song; and the twelve dastard mechanics, who, at the bidding of a judge, consented to deprive their country of its ornament and hero, and to banish him, with all the nobility of his nature fresh upon him, were stigmatized as traitors to the cause of freedom. In spite, however, of their cowardice and meanness, they could not resist displaying the veneration in which they held him, by entwining his wrists with massive belts; and even around his legs they suspended majestic iron chains, which rattled with surpassing grandeur whenever he moved. He had not been long in the new land to which his merits had

thus transferred him, when his name became as illustrious in it as it had been in his own. The name of O'Flaherty is still, I understand, a word of fear to the sleepy-eyed burghers of the law-oppressed towns. But his course was as short as it was glorious. In leading a midnight attack on the storehouse of some tyrannizing merchant, he was shot in the act of breaking open a box which contained a vast quantity of coin. He fell—and though he lived for several weeks, he kept his teeth close upon the residence of his followers. He died, as a hero should die, calm, collected, fearless. Even when the cord with which they had doomed him to perish was folded round his neck, he disdained to purchase an extension of his life by treachery to his friends. "An O'Flaherty," he said, "can die—but he never peaches." He left a son who was worthy of his father's fame. Like him he was inspired with an indomitable hatred of tyranny and restraint; with a noble and elevating desire to bring back those golden days, when all things were in common—when man, standing in the dignity of his original nature, took to himself whatever pleased his fancy, and owed no allegiance to the debasing influence of the law. From this noble stock my mother was descended; and when her beauty and the heroism of her character had raised her to be the consort of the Forest King, she seemed to feel that she was just in the situation for which she was destined by her nature. The pride of ancestry, and the remembrance of the glorious achievements which had rendered the names of her forefathers illustrious, beamed from her eye, and imprinted a majesty upon her brow, which we seek for in vain in females of inglorious birth. Atta-kul-kulla, which, in the puerile language of the whites, means the Little Carpenter, was my father's name. On his head, when going forth to battle, he wore a paper cap of the most warlike form, surrounded with miniature saws, and surmounted with a golden gimlet. When I was born, the infinite nations, and kindreds, and tongues which confessed his sway, made every demonstration of satisfaction. The Muscogulges, the Simmolees, the Cherokees, the Choctaws, and all the other powerful tribes which bordered on the stately Alatamaha, sent deputies to the royal residence to congratulate their monarch on so auspicious an occasion. But, alas! this universal rejoicing was soon turned into mourning. Amongst those who came as ambassadors from the neighbouring powers was Sisquo Dumfki, the rat-catcher, from a kingdom on the banks of the majestic Mississippi. This man was the most celebrated drinker of his nation. The strongest casine* seemed to

* Casine, a sort of usquebaugh in great request among the Indians—and a very good tipple in its way.—*Ex parte crede.*

have no more effect upon his senses than the purest water. At all feasts and solemn entertainments he was the champion of the Chickasaws. His fame was not unknown to the leaders of our tribe. My royal father burned with a passionate thirst for glory—and also for casine. In the happiness of my birth he challenged Sisquo Dumfki to a trial of their strength of stomach. For five days and nights they sat unceasingly swallowing the delicious fluid—five days and nights the calumet sent forth its smoke—never for one moment being lifted from the lips, save to make room for the cocoa-nut shell in which they drank their casine. Sleep at last seemed to weigh heavily on the lids of my royal father—he was longer in the intervals of applying the goblet to his mouth,—and at last his hand refused its office—his head sank upon his shoulder; and his generous competitor, satisfied with the victory he had gained, covered the imperial person with a robe of leopard skin, and left him to his repose. Repose!—it was indeed his last repose—he opened his eyes but once—groaned heavily—then shouting 'Give me casine in paifuls,'—for the ruling passion was strong to the latest hour—he became immoderately sick, and expired. I am afraid to state how much had been drunk in this prodigious contest; but it was said by the court flatterers on the occasion, that they had consumed as much liquid as would have supplied a navigable canal from lake Ouaquphenogan to Talahoschte! I was an orphan; and though the death of my father had now raised me to a throne, I was bound by the customs of our nation to revenge it. In this feeling I was bred; I was allowed even from my infancy to drink nothing weaker than casine; my victuals were all seasoned with the strongest rum, so that by the time I was sixteen years of age, my head was so accustomed to the influence of spirituous liquors, that they were harmless to me as milk. Sisquo Dumfki was still alive, and still remained the unrivalled hero of his tribe. His death was decreed by my mother the very hour my father died; for this purpose she imbued my infant mind with unmitigated hatred of the murderer, as she called him, of my father, and taught me the happiness and glory of revenge. She talked to me of attaining her object by the hatchet and tomahawk, doubting perhaps that in spite of the training I had received, I should still be vanquished by the superhuman capacity of the rat-catcher; but I was confident in my own strength, and sending a trusty messenger to the encampment of the Chickasaws, I invited him to a solemn feast, and challenged him to a trial of strength. He came. You may imagine, sir, to yourself the feelings which agitated my bosom, when in my very presence, on the spot which was the scene of his triumph, I saw the perpetrator

of a father's murder. Such, at least, was the light in which I had been taught, since the hour I was first suspended on the aromatic boughs of the magnolia, to regard the proud, the generous, the lofty Sisquo Dumfki. How ill founded was my hatred of that noble individual, you will discover in the sequel of my story.

"On this occasion he did not come alone. At his side, as he stood humbly before me, and paid his compliments to the queen, my mother, I marked with palpitating heart and flushing cheek, the most beautiful young girl I had ever seen. Her limbs, unconcealed by the foolish drapery in which the European damsels endeavour to hide their inferiority, were like polished marble, so smooth and round and beautifully shaped. Round her middle she wore a light bandage, embroidered with the feathers of the eagle, and this was the sole garment she had on, save that her head was ornamented with a beautiful diadem of heron's plumes. She was so young, so artless; and so ravishingly beautiful, that she took my heart captive at the first glance. I had at that time only twelve wives, selected by the regent from my own peculiar tribe, but several other nations had for some time been importuning me to choose a score or two of consorts from the loveliest of their maidens, and I had for some reason or other delayed complying with their requests. But now I was resolved to marry the whole nation, so as to secure this most beautiful of her sex. Alas! was it not madness thus to give way to these tender emotions, when the first word she uttered conveyed to me the appalling certainty that she was daughter of my deadliest foe—of the very being whom it had been the sole object of my education to enable me to drink to death! But a second look at the enchanting girl made me forgetful of every feeling of revenge. I spoke to her—I found her soft, sweet, delightful,—a daughter of the pathless forest,—stately as the loftiest palms that waved their plumed heads in grandeur to the sky, and pure as the spiral ophrys, with its snow-white flowers, which blossoms so tenderly at their feet. Her name was Nemrooma, which in your language means the spotless lily—mine, I must inform you, was Quimmolla, the drinker of rum."

(To be concluded in our next.) 60

TO A. B., WITH A GUITAR.*

By Percy Bysshe Shelley.

ARIEL TO MIRANDA.—Take
This slave of music, for the sake
Of him who is the slave of thee,
And teach it all the harmony
In which thou canst, and only thou,
Make the delighted spirit glow.

* A. B. the lady to whom these agreeable and melodious verses are addressed, is still alive. We therefore withhold her name.

Till joy denies itself again,
And too intense is turned to pain;
For, by permission, and command,
Of thine own Prince Ferdinand,
Poor Ariel sends this silent token
Of love, that never can be spoken.
Your guardian spirit, Ariel, who,
From life to life, must still pursue
Your happiness:—for thus alone
Can Ariel ever find his own.
From Prospero's enchanted cell,
As the mighty verses tell,
To the throne of Naples, he
Lit you o'er the trackless sea,
Plitting on your prow before,
Like a living meteor.
When you die, the silent moon,†
In her interlunar swoon,
Is not adder in her cell
Than deserted Ariel.
When you live again on earth,
Like an unseen star of birth,
Ariel guides you o'er the sea
Of life from your nativity.
Many changes have been run,
Since Ferdinand and you began
Your course of love, and Ariel still
Has tracked your steps and served your will:
Now, in humbler, happier lot,
This is all remember'd not;
And now, alas! the poor sprite is
Imprison'd, for some fault of his,
In a body like a grave:—
From you he only dares to crave,
For his service and his sorrow,
A smile to-day, a song to-morrow.

Fraser's Magazine.

† "And silent as the moon,
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave."

Samson Agonistes.

The Naturalist.

PITCH-LAKE OF TRINIDAD.

(By Captain J. E. Alexander, 49th Royal Highlanders,
F.R.G.S. R.A.S., &c.

ONE of the greatest natural curiosities in this part of the world, is the lake of asphaltum or pitch in Trinidad, situated about thirty-six miles to the southward of Port of Spain. The western shore of the island, for about twenty miles, is quite flat and richly wooded, and though only one or two houses are perceptible from the sea, the interior is well cultivated, and several small rivers, which empty themselves into the Gulf of Paria, afford great facilities for the transport of sugar to the ships which anchor off their embouchures. As Naparima is approached, and the singular mountain (at the foot of which San Fernandes is situated,) is plainly distinguished, then the shore assumes a more smiling aspect, here one sees a noble forest, there a sheet of bright green, points out a cane-field—coco nut and palm trees are sprinkled over the landscape, and gently wave their feathered foliage; now and then a well built house appears close to the water's edge, with a verdant lawn extending from it to the sea, and the ground sometimes broken into sinuosities, and then slightly undulating. The beauty of this part

of Trinidad is very great; though, from some undrained swamp, poisonous malaria exhale.

At Point La Braye are seen masses of pitch, which look like black rocks among the foliage; they also advance into the sea. At the small hamlet of La Braye, a considerable extent of coast is covered with pitch, which runs a long way out to sea, and forms a bank under water. The pitch lake is situated on the side of a hill, 80 feet above the level of the sea, from which it is distant three quarters of a mile; a gradual ascent leads to it, which is covered with pitch in a hardened state, and trees and vegetation flourish upon it.

The road leading to the lake runs through a wood, and on emerging from it, the spectator stands on the borders of what at a first glance appears to be a lake containing many wooded islets, but which, on a second examination, proves to be a sheet of asphaltum, intersected throughout by crevices 3 or 4 feet deep, and full of water. The pitch at the sides of the lake is perfectly hard and cold, but as one walks towards the middle with the shoes off, in order to wade through the water, the heat gradually increases, the pitch becomes softer and softer, until at last it is seen boiling up in a liquid state, and the soles of the feet become offensively warm. The air is then strongly impregnated with bitumen and sulphur, and as one moves along, the impression of the feet remains on the surface of the pitch.

During the rainy season, it is possible to walk over the whole lake, nearly, but in the hot season a great part is not to be approached. Although several attempts have been made to ascertain the depth of the pitch, no bottom has ever been found. The lake is about a mile and a half in circumference; and not the least extraordinary circumstance is, that it should contain eight or ten small islands, on which trees are growing close to the boiling pitch.

In standing still for some time on the lake near the centre, the surface gradually sinks till it forms a great bowl, as it were; and when the shoulders are level with the general surface of the lake, it is high time to get out. Some time ago a ship of war landed casks to fill with the pitch, for the purpose of transporting it to England: the casks were rolled on the lake, and the men commenced filling, but a piratical looking craft appearing in the offing, the frigate and all hands went in chase; on returning to the lake, all the casks had sunk and disappeared.

The flow of pitch from the lake has been immense, the whole country round, except near the Bay of Grapo (which is protected by a hill) being covered with it; and it seems singular that no eruption has taken place within the memory of man, although the principle of motion still exists in the centre of the lake. The appearance of the pitch which

has hardened, is as if the whole surface had boiled up into large bubbles, and then suddenly cooled; but where the asphaltum is still liquid, the surface is perfectly smooth.

Many experiments have been made, for the purpose of ascertaining whether the pitch could be applied to any useful purpose. Admiral Cochrane, who is possessed of the enterprising and speculative genius of his family, sent two ship loads of it to England; but after a variety of experiments, it was ascertained, that, in order to render the asphaltum fit for use, it was necessary to mix such a quantity of oil with it, that the expense of the oil alone would more than exceed the price of pitch in England. A second attempt was made by a company, styled the Pitch Company, who sent out an agent from England; but finding that Admiral Cochrane had failed, and being convinced that any farther attempt would be useless, he let the matter drop.

Forty miles to the southward of the pitch-lake is Point du Cac, which forms the southwest extremity of the island, and on one side of the Boca del Sierpe. On this cape is another natural curiosity which is well worth seeing, although the distance from Port of Spain renders it rather a difficult operation to proceed thither. What renders this point so interesting to the stranger is an assemblage of mud-volcanoes, of which the largest may be about 150 feet in diameter: they are situated in a plain, and are not more than four feet elevated above the surface of the ground, but within the mouths of the craters boiling mud is constantly bubbling up. At times the old craters cease to act, but when that is the case new ones invariably appear in the vicinity. The mud is fathomless, yet does not overflow, but remains within the circumference of the crater. From what I recollect of the Crimea, I should say that there is a remarkable similarity between it and Trinidad;—geologically speaking, in both there are mud-volcanoes, in both there are bituminous lakes, and both have been frequently visited with earthquakes.

Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal.

GROWTH AND AGE OF THE OLIVE AND ORANGE TREES.

At the last meeting of the Helvetic Society of Naturalists, M. de Kandolle read a memoir by Berthelot, on the growth and age of several kinds of trees, in the vicinity of Nice, from which we extract the subsequent remarks. "There is an olive tree at Villefranche, in the environs of that town, the lowest extremity of the trunk of which, next the surface, measures above thirty-eight feet, and three feet and a half above the surface, nineteen feet in circumference; one of its main branches is six and a half feet in circumfer-

ence, and the trunk itself eight and a half feet high. This is both the oldest and largest olive tree in that part of the country, and though fast decaying, retains much of its stately appearance. The celebrated olive-tree at Pescio, which has hitherto been considered the most ancient in Italy, and is stated by Maschettini to be seven hundred years old, is much younger than this wonder of Nice. There are records now extant, which show, that, as far back as the year 1516, the latter was accounted the oldest in those parts. In 1818, it bore upwards of two hundred pounds weight of oil; and, in earlier days and good years, more than three hundred and fifty. The orange-tree is of so modern a date in Europe, that no certain maximum of age can yet be assigned to it. It may, however, be generally observed of it, that it attains to a great age, though its trunk has scarcely ever been known to grow to any considerable height. In the celebrated orangerie, at Versailles, there is a tree of this species, which was raised from seed sown in 1421, and has at this moment every appearance of surviving for centuries to come. There is another orange-tree in the yard of the Convent of St. Sabina, at Rome, which is said to have been planted by St. Dominic, in the year 1200. It has never grown to a greater height than thirty feet. In the neighbourhood of Finale may be seen another, eight and twenty feet high, which bears nearly 8,000 oranges in a single year. And there was one of the kind existing in the neighbourhood of Nice, in 1789, the trunk of which was so thick that two men could scarcely span it with their arms; its age was unknown, but it was nearly fifty feet high, and its foliage afforded shade to a table of forty covers. One year with another, it bore between five and six thousand oranges, and this immense produce was confined to one half of its crown; the other yielding scarcely one hundred; it is remarkable that, in the following year, the latter bore a crop of thousands of fruit, whilst the former was almost barren of produce. This noble tree perished under the effects of the severe frost of 1789.—*Athenaeum.*

PHYSIognomy of Trees—Hooting of Owls.

(From *Dovaston and Von Osdal's Chit-chat.*)

Dov.—I have often, when riding with you in the night, Von Osdal, admired the unerring accuracy with which you have named the trees, from their mere outline dimly marked against the sky.

Von Os.—It was from an observation of yours I acquired it; that every tree had invariably its distinct physiognomical character.

Dov.—I have nearly the same nicely of ear in that respect; so that, sitting here,

I can discriminate almost every sort of tree, as it is called upon, either in solo or in score, to take part in the grand choral harmonies of the tempest. Now it roars deep and still among the oaks just behind this book-room; anon, breathes hoarse and hollow upon the dark old Scotch pines of the cider-mill grove; groans through the sycamores and lime avenue, "that weather-fends my cell;" rattles the bony boughs of the skeleton ash; howls through the elms; hisses (and each obviously different) in the cedars, spruce, and silver fir; whistles through the larch; whispers in the Weymouth and aphorousli; and suddenly whisks a solitary cypress; while the evergreens, and dry-leaved hornbeams, keep up a constant accompaniment, each other after his kind.

Von Os.—Encore! Ega, our good cheer enables us to convert even the conflicting elements into a noble concert; and I have been thinking these *stridulous* owls in the bushy ivy about our chimney-top, and their hooting counterparts in the woods no bad vocalists.

Dov.—I love the owl more than many do the finer melodists. If you used the word counterpart designedly, you do not agree with him of Selborne, who says they always hoot in B flat.

Von Os.—I am sorry to differ from such authority; but most certainly, they use various keys.

Dov.—So do the chushat and cuckoo, and many other such even-tenour performers.

Von Os.—This Virginia smokes divinely. Have you the *horned* owl ever in your prodigious ivies?

Dov.—Not of late years. When a little boy, as I well remember, just at sunrise I was fearfully terrified at a pair I spied sitting on an old Portugal laurel, close to the oak we have since inscribed to our learned, gifted, and beloved friend Rylance. I was early a fond reader of poetry, and fancied them marvellous messengers just arrived from the enchanted regions of romance.

Von Os.—A fitting guest for the tree of our merry friend—the Attic bird.

Dov.—Ay, either; be it Minerva's, or that of Tereus, the "merry nightingale," as Coleridge most cordially calls him. Not only the notes of birds, but scenery itself; nay, everything, takes its tone infinitely more in accordance with our own present feelings, than from any thing inherent in itself: or as he, who so pithily knew that "brevity is the soul of wit," more quaintly expresses it: "there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so." I actually once heard an ignorant, pert officer say, he knew not why people liked the robin, unless it was for his impudence.

Von Os.—Puppy!

Magazine of Natural History.

Retrospective Gleanings.

SHAKSPEARIANA.

Shakspeare an Actor.—One of Shakspeare's younger brothers, who lived to a good old age, would, in his younger days, come to London, to visit his brother Will, (as he called him,) and be a spectator of him as an actor, in some of his own plays. This custom, as his brother's fame enlarged, and his dramatic entertainments grew the greatest support of our principal, if not of all our theatres, he continued it seems so long after his brother's death, as even to the latter end of his own life. From the curiosity at this time of the most noted actors to learn something from him of his brother, they justly held him in the highest veneration; and this may be well believed, as there was besides a kinsman and descendant of the family, who was then a celebrated actor among them, (Charles Hart : see *Shakspeare's will*;) and this opportunity made them the more inquisitive into every little circumstance, especially in his dramatic character, which his brother could relate of him. But he, it seems, was so stricken in years, and, possibly, his memory so weakened by infirmities, (which might make him the easier pass for a man of weak intellects,) that he could give them but little light into their inquiries; and all that could be collected from him of his brother Will, as a player, was the faint, general, and almost lost ideas he had of having once seen him act a part in one of his own comedies—wherein, being to personate a decrepit, old man, he wore a long beard, and appeared so weak and drooping, and unable to walk, that he was forced to be supported and carried by another person to a table, at which he was seated among some company who were eating, while one of them sang a song.—(See the character of *Adam*, in *As you like it*, Act. 2. Scene ult.)

It appears from *Roscius Anglicanus*, (commonly called "Downes, the prompter's book,") 1708, that Shakspeare took the pains to instruct Joseph Taylor in the character of *Hamlet*, and John Lowine, in that of *King Henry VIII*.—*Steevens.*

The following verses were by Ben Jonson and Shakspeare, on the motto to the Globe Theatre—*Totus mundus agit histrionem* :

JONSON.

If but stage-actors all the world displays,
Where shall we find spectators of their plays?

'SHAKSPEARE.'

Little or much of what we see, we do;
We're all both actors and spectators too.

Poetical Characteristics, Svo. MS. vol. i.

Falstaff.—Old Mr. Bowman, the player, reported from Sir William Bishop, that some part of Sir John Falstaff's character was drawn from a townsman of Stratford, who either faithlessly broke a contract, or spite-

fully refused to part with some land, for a valuable consideration, adjoining to Shakspeare's, in or near that town.

James I. and Shakspeare.—At the conclusion of the advertisement prefixed to Lintot's edition of Shakspeare's poems, it is said—“ That most learned prince and great patron of learning, King James the First, was pleased with his own hand to write an amicable letter to Mr. Shakspeare ; which letter, though now lost, remained long in the hands of Sir William Davenant.”—Mr. Oldys, in a MS. note to his copy of *Fuller's Worthies*, observes that “ the story came from the Duke of Buckingham, who had it from Sir William Davenant.”

The Title-page of an edition of Shakspeare, published in 1623, with some curious plates :

MR. WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE'S COMEDIES, HISTORIES,

AND TRAGEDIES,

“ Published according to the true original copies.”

The next sheet states—

“ The names of the Actors principall in all these Plays. They are—

William Shakespeare,	Samuel Crosse,
Richard Burbage,	George Gough,
John Hemings,	Richard Robinson,
Augustine Phillips,	Alexander Cooke,
William Kemp,	Samuel Gilburne,
Thomas Poole,	Robert Armin,
John Taylor,	William Ostler,
Robert Benfield,	Nathan Field,
George Bryan,	John Underwood,
Henry Condell,	Nicholas Tooley,
William Slye,	William Ecclestone,
Richard Cowley,	John Shánchez,
John Lowing,	John Rice."

There is also the well-known eulogium on Shakspeare by Ben Jonson.

In the first page is written the following, alluding to the print (wood) of Shakspeare, in the next page :

“ This figure that thou here see'st put,
It was for gentle Shakspeare cut ;
Wherein the graver had a strife
With nature, to outdo the life.
O ! could he but have drawne his wit
As well in brass as he hath hit
His face, the print would then surpass
All that was ever writ in brasse.
But since he cannot, reader, looke
Not on his picture, but his booke.”—J. T.

Shakespeare's Will.—It appears in the original will of Shakspeare, (now in the Pre-rogative Office, Doctors' Commons,) that he had forgotten his wife—the legacy to her being expressed by an interlineation, as well as those to Hemings, Burbage, and Condell.

The will is written on three sheets of paper, the two last of which are undoubtedly subscribed with Shakspeare's own hand. The first indeed has his name in the margin, but it differs somewhat in spelling, as well as manner, from the two signatures that follow.—*Steevens.*

Shakspeare's Sonnets.—We find the following interesting memorandum in the *Morning Chronicle* of the 14th instant.—

"The sonnets of Shakspeare, which Dr. Farmer supposed were addressed to the author's nephew, Mr. William Harte, and Mr. Tyrwhitt and Mr. Malone, considered, from the initials W. H. in the dedication, to be addressed to W. Hughes, and respecting which Mr. George Chalmers, some years ago, made a singular attempt to persuade himself and the public that the 'lovely boy,' whom Shakespeare addressed, was no less a person than our *maiden Queen* Elizabeth, have, at length, been discovered beyond all possibility of doubt by Mr. James Boaden, to have been dedicated to William Herbert, afterwards Earl of Pembroke, the poet's patron and friend. George Steevens and the whole tribe of commentators on Shakspeare, with all their laborious efforts, would have given their ears to have made this discovery."

The Gatherer.

Sir Walter Scott's Poems.—Mr. Macdiarmid, the clever editor of the *Dumfries Courier*, says in a recent Number of that ably conducted Journal:—"We were shown the other day, while in Edinburgh, the whole of Sir Walter Scott's poetry in manuscript, exactly as it escaped from the hand of the author—a sight which interested us not a little. His method of composition seems to have been prodigiously rapid; in general he was satisfied with a first draft, and yet the corrections are the reverse of numerous. Virgil, it is said, deemed it best to pour forth a hundred extemporeous verses, and then spend the day in correcting them; but Sir Walter Scott lacked patience for this species of drudgery; the pen once in his hand, he literally improvised, and his command of language, great as it was, scarcely kept pace with the extraordinary fertility of his imagination. All his poems were written in fragments on sheets of letter-paper, and dispatched by post to his friend Mr. James Ballantyne. In looking over *Marmion*, we discovered that nearly the whole of it had been composed in London, and that the letters containing the earlier cantos were franked by the Duke of Hamilton and the Earl of Aberdeen. Near to the conclusion, a simple remark made by Mr. Ballantyne, while forwarding a proof, elicited, on the spur of the moment, an additional passage, which is, perhaps, one of the finest in the whole of that noble poem."

Monuments to Faithful Servants.—Washington Irving, in his delightful *Bracebridge Hall*, says—I have met with several instances of epitaphs on the gravestones of valuable domestics, recorded with the simple truth of natural feeling. I have two before me at this moment; one copied from a tombstone of a churchyard in Warwickshire:—"Here lieth the body of Joseph Batte, confidential ser-

vant to George Birch, Esq., of Hampstead Hall. His grateful friend and master caused this inscription to be written in memory of his discretion, fidelity, diligence, and constancy. He died (a bachelor) aged 84, having lived 44 years in the same family." The other was taken from a tombstone in Eltham churchyard:—"Here lie the remains of Mr. James Tappy, who departed this life on the 8th of September, 1818, aged 84, after a faithful service of 60 years in one family; by each individual of which he lived respected, and died lamented by the sole survivor." Few monuments, even of the illustrious, have given me the glow about the heart that I felt while copying this honest epitaph in the churchyard of Eltham. I sympathized with this "sole survivor" of a family mourning over the grave of the faithful follower of his race, who had been, no doubt, a living memento of times and friends that had passed away; and in considering this record of long and devoted service, I called to mind the touching speech of *Old Adam*, in *As you like it*, when tottering after the youthful son of his ancient master:

"Master, go on, and I will follow thee
To the last gasp, with love and loyalty!"

—I cannot but mention a tablet which I have seen somewhere in the chapel of Windsor Castle, put up by George III. to the memory of a family servant, who had been a faithful attendant of his lamented daughter, the Princess Amelia. The King possessed much of the strong, domestic feeling of the old English country gentleman; and it is an incident curious in monumental history, and creditable to the human heart, a monarch erecting a monument in honour of the humble virtues of a menial.

Ready Decision.—A person applied to Quin, an manager, to be admitted on the stage. As a specimen of his dramatic powers, he began the famous soliloquy of *Hamlet*—

"To be, or not to be, that is the question."

Quin, indignant at the man's absurd presumption, exclaimed, very decisively—"No question, upon my honour!—not to be, most certainly!"

THOMAS GILL.

Ardent Love.—The Earl of Peterborough, while in Spain, once pointed some artillery against a convent, in which a beautiful woman of rank had taken refuge, so that by terrifying her to come forth, he might obtain a view of her admirable person. Cookery was as much the earl's hobby as war. It appears to have been far from unusual for him to assist at the preparation of a feast over which he was about to preside; and, when at Bath, he was occasionally seen about the streets, in his blue ribbon and star, carrying a chicken in his hand, and a cabbage, perhaps, under each arm.

Theatrical Wit.—Hatten, who was a considerable favourite at the Haymarket theatre, and particularly in the part of *Jack Jinx*, was one night at Gosport, performing the character of *Barbarossa*. In the scene when the tyrant makes love to *Zapphra*, and reminds her of his services against the enemies of her kingdom, he was at a loss, and could not catch the word from the prompter. Another moment, and a terrific hiss would have driven him from the stage, when, seeing the house crowded with sailors, and regardless of the gross anachronism, he exclaimed, with all the energy of tragedy—

“Did not I,
By that brave knight Sir Sidney Smith assisted,
And in conjunction with the gallant Nelson,
Drive Bonaparte and his fierce marauders
From Egypt’s shores?”

The jolly tars thought it was all in his part, and cheered the actor with three rounds of applause.

THOMAS GILL.

Resignation.—The witty Marquess of Townshend was superseded in the vicegerency of Ireland by Lord Harcourt, who, it is said, on arriving at the castle, about three o’clock in the morning, found his predecessor carousing with a few jovial companions.—“Well, my lord,” said Townshend, after congratulating his successor, “though you did come upon us very unexpectedly, you must do us the justice to admit that you have not found us napping.” Soon after the marquess’ secession from military employment, one of the Duke of Cumberland’s military spies, is said to have thus accosted him at a review: “How is it that you honour us with your presence to-day? I suppose you are merely a spectator.”—“And why,” replied Townshend, “may not one come here as a spectator, sir, as well as a tatler!”

Subduing a Prince.—In a work published a short time since, entitled *The Customs of the Mussulmans of India*, by Dr. G. A. Herklots, is given the following formula; by the means of which, princes may become subject to our will:—“Should any one desire to make princes or grandees subject and obedient to his will, he must have a silver ring made, with a small, square tablet fixed upon it, on which is to be engraved the number that the letters composing the *ism* represent, which, in this case, is 2,613. This number, by itself, or added to that of its two demons, 286 and 112, and its genius, 1,811, amounting in all to 4,822, must be formed into a magic square, of the *solasee* or *rebaee* kind, and engraved. When the ring is thus finished, he is for a week to place it before him, and daily, in the morning and evening, to repeat the *ism* five thousand times, and blow on it. When the whole is concluded, he is to wear the ring on the little finger of his right hand.”

W. G. C.

No Law against Flying, &c.—During the trial of a woman for witchcraft, one of the witnesses gave evidence that the prisoner could fly. The humane and sensible Judge, Powell, told her, “so she might if she would, he knew of no law against it.” When Jane Wenham was tried at the Hertford assizes, for the same offence, Mr. Bragge, in his evidence on her trial, declared on the faith of a clergyman, that he believed her to be a witch; whereupon the same Judge told him, that “therefore, on the truth of a Judge, he took him to be no conjuror.” P. T. W.

Parish Gifts.—The following curious extracts, taken from the parish books of Darlington, are given in Surtees’ *History of Durham*:—“1630. To Mr. Goodwine, a distressed scholar, 2s. 6d. 1635. To a poor soldier, who came to church on a Sunday, 6d. 1650. For six quarts of sacke to the minister that preached when we had not a minister, 9s. 1691. When the Dean of Durham preached here, (spent in a treat with him,) 3s. 6d. For a stranger that preached, a dozen of ale, 1s.” W. G. C.

Quin told Lady Berkely, who was a beautiful woman, that she looked blooming as the spring; but, recollecting that the season was not very promising, he added—“I wish the spring would look like your ladyship.”

THOMAS GILL.

Down to the reign of “Old Queen Bess,” the greater part of the houses in *fashionable* London had no chimneys. The fire was kindled against the wall, and the smoke found its way out in the best manner that it could, at the windows, or at the door; but generally “reclining in blackness” in the room.

ANTIQUARS.

Odd Epitaph.—In the church of Colmworth, Bedfordshire, is a magnificent monument, erected in 1641, by Lady Dyer, in memory of her deceased husband, Sir William Dyer, the inscription upon which tells us that “they multiplied themselves into seven children.” Beneath are the following quaint lines:—

My dearest dust, could not thy hasty day
Afford thy drowsy patience leave to stay
One hour longer, so that we might either
Have set up, or gone to bed together?
But since thy finished labour hath possessed
Thy weary limbs with early rest,
Enjoy it sweetly; and thy widow bride,
Shall soon repose her by thy slumbering side:
Whose business now is only to prepare
My nightly dress and call to prayer.
Mine eyes wax heavy, and the days grow old—
The dew falls thick—my blood grows cold;—
Draw, draw, the closed curtains, and make room,
My dear, my dearest dust, I come, I come,

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